THE DODGE CITY TIMES

Subscription, \$2 per year, in advance.

NICHOLAS B. KLAINE, EDITOR

THE DUDE.

- What is the dude, papa?" she said, With sweet inquiring eyes.
 And to the knowledge-seeking maid, Her daddy thus replies:
- A weak mustache, a cigarette,
- A thirteen-button vest,
 A curled-rim hat—a minaret—
 Two watch-chains cross the breast;
- A pair of bangs, a lazy drawl, A lack-a-daisy air; A lack-a-daisy air; For gossip at the club or ball, Some little past "affair."
- Two pointed shoes, two spindle shanks, Complete the nether charms; And follow fitly in the ranks The two bow-legged arms;
- An empty head, a buffoon's sense, An empty near, a An empty near, a An empty near, a An esing attitude;

 By love! "Exat!" "But aw!" "Immense!" All these make up the dude.

 —Philadelphia Press.

A KANGAROO HUNT:

Last Wednesday all hands knocked off work to take part in a grand kangaroo battue, convened by some neigh-boring squatters. It was on the largest scale ever attempted in Australia, with a corresponding result. The local paper some days previously contained the fol-

lowing advertisement:
"Roll up! Roll up! Neighbors, Friends and Strangers. Horsemen and footmen, with guns or without, to meet at the - Homestead, on the 23d of October, for a Kangaroo Drive. A welcome for everybody. Bring a pair of blankets, if you've go If you haven't, we'll find you some. Plenty of tucker guns and ammunition. Roll up, Boys! Roll up!"

Such an invitation in New South Wales finds ready acceptance, and for two days before the one appointed horsemen by twos and threes might be seen wending their way through the bush to S—, the lessee of which run was famed, far and wide, as a thorough-going sportsman and a liberal employer. Our contingent went all together, and an animated scene the home paddock presented when we arrived at our destination. A similar sight is not to be seen every day in the Australian bush. More than three hundred horsemen, armed with every conceivable variety of gun, from the forty-year-old shooting-iron of Hollis to the last thing of Greener's; and mounted on every conceivable variety of animal, from an almost unbroken colt to a Suffolk punch. Besides there was a small army on foot to act as beaters. It was a glorious day, but, of course, after a twenty-mile ride we felt like a little refreshment, and there was no lack of it. Huge rounds of beef, cheeses like dray wheels, and great buckets of tea, hot, strong, and sweet, disappeared like magic amid much laughter, fun and chaffing. Next morning, up with the firstery of

the laughing jackass, just before daybreak, a wash in the creek, breakfast. and a swig of Martell's palest, and the fun commences. Stations are allotted to all the parties by our leader along both sides of the gully—the whole length of it. Old hands at the game generally lie down, because, in the excitement, bullets and swan shot may fly rather too close to be pleasant. Hooked sharp out of my vis-a-vis, and discovered one of the rankest of "new chums" it has been my fortune to come across One of those gilded youths who are sent out here, now and again, with lots of money and no brains. Heaven alone knows what they come here for, unless it is to be made a laughing-stock of through the colonies. They haven't a single idea, except themselves, and their speech is generally limited to "Haw! oh! yeth!" There, opposite me, stood this particular specimen—admirably got up for the Bush. Velvet knickerbockers, nothing less, ankle-jacks that, I could see from where I stood, where pinching him horribly as he rested himself first on one foot then on the other, like a "native companion," gazing meanwhile intently up into the trees from under the scanty shade of a little stiff black billycock. Seeing that this gentleman was handling a brand-new revolving rifle, I lay down flat behind a tolerably thick stump. The beaters could now be heard at work, the cracks of their whips and wild yells and shouts making the Bush ring again.

Soon half a dozen "flying does" came hopping down the gully, thud, thud, thud, thud on the hard ground; but they never reached so far as our position, but fell victims to a dozen shots from the other side—the rule in these cases being (as it is well known the marsupials entering a gully will attempt to make for the scrub, on one side or the other) for the shooters only on the side they make for, to fire. This lessens risks of accidents, which, however, frequently occur. Thicker and faster now rolled the fiving tide of kangaroos, wallaroos, wallabies, and all their relations, large and small, encompassed between two walls of sportsmen, raining ball and shot. Of course it was a massacre; but it was badly wanted. Remember, each kangaroo is said to consume the grass of five sheep a day. We had not expected such a drive as this • for the wide gully was literally choked from side to side with the jumping,

swaving masses. The blue velvet knickerbockers I could see dimly, now and again, through the clouds of smoke; and a continuous crack, crack, from that quarter, accompanied by the whiz of bullets past my head, warned me not to stand up yet. The heavy rush was over, and the firing slackened considerably, but the new chum continued to blaze away as fast as he could put his cartridges in and discharge his piece. He had by this time got from the scrub nearly out into the middle of the gully, and there he stood firing, but seldom hitting anything: people all round singing out and wearing at him-to no purpose. He evidently meant to pot a biped of some sort, if not a kangaroo. One of the latter, a very big "old man," at this moment entered the gully, and, running the gauntlet of a few straggling -for guns were by this time getting hot and ammunition scarce—he made straight for our friend in the knickerbockers, who valiantly stood his ground, and discharged four shots nearly point blank at the seven-footer, only one grazing his cheek or jaw. The sting of the bullet made the "old man" so savage that the next moment he had Blue Breeches, breach-loader and all, in a loving embrace, and was busily engaged in doing his best to disembowel unfortunate Mr. X --- with his long, sharp hind claws. To do the chap jus ice, I must say he behaved well; and, though horribly scared and pinioned as he was, he kicked and struggled with all his might; and, as some one after-wards remarked: "Never so much as first time in sixty-six years, only to find Off came the let a yell out of him." velveteens and billycock; the former

our new chum owed his escape with only a few nasty nips; for men came running up to him from all sides, and the savage old brute got his skull knocked in with the stock of a rifle, while his opponent, released from hi grip, stood ruefully surveying himself, and wiping off the blood and dirt from his legs, now quite denuded of their civilized covering.

Lots of fun was, of course, poked at him; but one choleric old gentleman, with a very red face, read him a sharp lecture on his shooting exploit, winding up with: "Confound you, sir! You hot at me a dozen times. I couldn't get a chance to shoot kangaroos for watching you. Pity your mother didn't keep you at home, instead of sending you out into the world with a six chambered rifle, when you use it as if it

was a child's toy. However, fresh clothes, a few bandages and half a tumbler of "threesomewhat consoled poor Xfor all this rough usage—especially because the "old man" was skinned on the spot, and the pelt presented to him as a trophy, which attention he acknowledged with: "Haw! yeth, horrid brute! nearly stwipped me. So glad no ladies, you know," a speech which was received with great laughter, it was said so earnestly.

Well, the slain were now counted, and reached the very respectable total of 2,800; but lots got away, badly wounded—many of them to be yarded in next day's drive. I dare say with those that died in the bush, the tally came up to 3,000. Packing up was now the order of the day. Horses were brought up, tents struck and stowed away with the eatables in spring-earts, drags, and wagonettes, and a start made for the next camp and another day's drive .- New South Wales Cor London Graphic.

A Plea for the Sten-Mother.

How many books do we still take up in which the plot turns on the crue machinations of a step-mother, and surely writers ought to be wiser now. make the very name hateful; it seems to ring with unkindness and injustice, and far be it from us to say that the prototype is nowhere to be found, Cold-heartedness and oppression toward the children of one who has preceded her in the heart and home are no doubt at times to be met with, but can not many bouseholds tell another tale - a tale of love and gentleness, and mutual affection and peace? And can not, too, some homes tell a third story, where the sufferer is the one who is looked on as an interloper? Are there not cases where a man, whose hearth has been early desolated, and who is left with little ones whom he can not look after, with a heart still yearning for affection, brings home some warm-hearted girl, ready to pour out no stinted measure of love on the motherless ones; and what do he and she find on settling down to their daily life? That foolish relatives or ignorant servants have already poisoned the baby mind against their second mother. and that all her efforts to win their affection and trust are blighted by the unholy influence that has been wielded. And when other little children come, too often, instead of being welcomed with brotherly or sisterly love, they are greeted with feelings of bitterness and jealousy. Nor is this only so when the children, naturally perhaps, have a feeling that they may be deprived by a stranger of part of their birthright. Cases there are where bundreds have been added to the income by such a marriage-hundreds not even settled on the woman who brought them to a comparatively poor household; and yet she was set aside as

a "nobody," treated with cold insult step-children, and undefended by beds watched with all a mother's devotion; of dving hours-soothed with all a mother's faithful self-forgetfulness; of the young spirit sinking to the grave, clinging with fond affection to the representative of that real parent whom it was soon to greet in the spirit land; and we turn with just anger from pictures laid before us as false as they are illjudged. Into how many households must the second mother be brought, or they could never hold together? How many families must consist of the children of the one father, but of two mothers; and is it well that young minds be prejudiced against a state of things in many cases a necessity? But in the novel or the tale a youthful hero or heroine is the more interesting the more he or she suffers under the domestic roof, and that suffering is supposed to be most easily wrought by the "step-mother." Let us hope that a truer view will be taken of this relationship; that the vulgar feeling with regard to it (a feeling showing itself so plainly in some localities that the name of step-mother is given to the most painful thing on finger, sometimes called a hangnail) may ere long pass away from amongst us; and that, as at last the long-despised "old naid" is meeting with justice and kindly judgment, the same may be meted with no stinting hand to the often long-suffering and much-slandered "step-mother." change.

Shakespeare's "Macbeth" Taken From

the Bible. You will find the principal characters of "Macbeth" in the Book of Kings. Jezebel in the Bible is "Lady Macbeth in the play. She it was that stirred up her husband to do all the deviltry he did. Then take Hazael, a servant to the King. Inder the influence of his wife, Jezebel. ne plots to kill his master, and become King of Syria in his stead. This plot is successful, and Hazael is crowned King. This character exactly suits that of "Macbeth." The minor characters can also be found in the Bible. Of course Shakespeare has altered the words, but the plot and characters are to be found there. Dr. Halsey, in his lectures on Shakespeare in Princeton College, stated that Shakespeare's regular prac-tice was to study the Bible seven hours a day. There were not so many Bibles in his time as there are now, but although very costly, he had one, and made a daily practice of studying it. Where Dr. Halsey got his information I

lo not know, but presume he is correct. Though Shakespeare was undoubtedly a great man, I think he is considerably overrated, so far as his originality oncerned. I think he was not endowed with the genius of originality, but rathe with the genius of arranging the writings of those gone before, and rewriting them in an attractive style .-Rev. Richard Lee, D. D.

John Carpenter, when twelve years old, left his native town of Woodbury, N. J., and returned recently for the greatly to his surprise and somewhat to s regret, that Charlie Pomeroy and strewing the ground with long strips, some other boys with whom he used to go to school were either dead or had moved away.—Newark Register.

A Horse-Car Idyl.

The Appeal demon entered a horse ar the other day, going north. He picked out a soft strap, and hung himself up like a week's washing. The car was full of passengers, and it struck the demon that on the way up it would be a good chance to study human nature, as it appears while rolling along in the luxury and magnificence of a street-car with brand new straw on the

A couple of that portion of the female were seated in the sex called "daisies" corner; moreover they were looking at the demon, which made him blush, but he would not have accepted a seat for anything, because then they could not have admired him to so great an advantage. The demon made up his mind that the darlings would soon commence talking about their friends, and trotting out their faults and idiosyncracies for the edification of a listening public, in theirs: be that dear fascinating way of was not more than a block and a half out of the way in his reckoning. The words in italies are those on which the innocent creatures put special emphasis. The conductor rung the bell, and the oung ladies started up; one said, in a voice which not only made her remark audible to every one in the car, but loud enough to arrest traffic and block up the streets for four squares in every · Have you seen Lillian L.'s new dress.

"No: have you?" replied sylph numher two.

"Yes; and it is perfectly hideous.
"Why! I thought Lillian had good "Oh no! She never dresses in any

kind of harmony."
"Oh! By the way, Fred A. has returned from Colorado, and they say he made a miserable failure out there, and that he's just drinking himself to death." (Pleasant for "Fred" to have his

"Oh! Too bad; and is May V. still ngaged to him?" Yes; but then she never had many admirers, and since her brother got into disgrace (louder) of course she had s attention than ever, so she hung on

o him." (Glances around.)
"Speaking of May V., don't you she is growing plainer than she used to be? "Humph! She always was homely

enough to seare herself away from the "And she dresses in such fearful taste. Did you ever see such a rig as

the appeared in the night of the S. "Strange, isn't it, that Fred could rave taken such a liking to such a little

dowdy as she is?" The car here came to a stop, and from the exclamations of the beautiful defamers, it was evident that the subject of their conversation was entering. To have seen the meeting, one would have

yourself this ever so long?' said the first young gazelle; the second chimed in: "yes, where have you been this age?" The unsuspecting victim, this uge?" The unsuspecting victim, happy in the interest and friendship exhibited by her "dear, dear friends," proceeded to detail her experiences durng that "age" in which her friends had been fainting for a sight of her, you know. She ended by saying, with a pretty little blush, that Fred A. had re-

"Has be!" "When?"

for such a long time.'

his ear-trumpet had deceived him, he turned over on the strap for another

"What did you think of the S. ball." aquired the new-comer? Grand, wasn't it, and we just saying how well you looked; that

dress was so becoming. That was too much; the demon felt as he had felt one black bitter night when he wrestled under the pale cold moon with an overdose of lobster-salad and felt the fetid breath of a Thanksgiving turkey on his cheek; only more so He came down from his hyprious couch on the strap, by means of his handkerchief, which he had torn into strips and knotted for the purpose, and, as the conductor wailed out the street, in a voice like the wind sighing over horse-fiddles, the demon embarked in a mud-puddle. Finding himself on the high seas, he fired minute guns of distress; he was rescued, and soon anchored off the bar of a neighboring restaurant, for the purpose of taking a grain of coffee on board.—Newsboys Appeal.

The Cork Oak.

At present we depend for cork upon he countries bordering the Mediterranean. In these countries the actual narket value of cork is ten times what it was at the beginning of the century, and it is likely to go still higher. In Sardinia, Sicily and Naples extensive cork plantations are being destroyed for the purpose of obtaining the tannin of superior quality yielded by the bark and carbonate of soda from the ashes of the wood. This destruction has been going on for years, while planting has not even replaced the trees destroyed, except in France and its African dependency. As long ago as 1822 the French Government appropriated 4,500 francs, which were to be divided among those who, planting in 1823, should possess at the expiration of ten years plantations only three persons had been entitled to the reward. But France has now over 500,000 acres of cork plantations in Algiers, yielding a considerable revenue to the State. About fifty years ago the Spanish began to encourage the plansing of the cork oak, and the number of trees in that country has increased. This increase would have been greater but for the fact that, while provinces cork has become the chief ource of wealth, in others many proprietors destroyed their trees in order to clear their ground for more valuable

productions. The cork oak grows to the height of about fifty feet In Algeria and in the Spanish Province of Estramadura the development of the tree is somewhat greater. The tree reaches a great age. It continues to grow for 150 or 200 years, and after its growth it still yields cork, though of an inferior quality. In some parts of Spain it is customary to destroy the tree when the quality of its cork begins to deteriorate. In Europe the tree is met with as high by overmuch hurry.—N. Y. Graphic. as forty-five degrees N., but it needs a warm climate. In France and in Spain it is found 1,600 feet above the level of the sea, while in Algeria it occurs at double that altitude. The tree can bear a minimum average annual temperature of fifty-five degrees Fahrenhoit. It prefers land sloping to the southward and near the sea. Gran-

soils are very unsuitable, and it does not take kindly to damp soils. It grows spontaneously in virgin soils where silica or silico-argillaceous compounds abound. Lands suitable for the vine are suitable for the cork also.

The blossoms appear in April or May and the acorns ripen from September to January. As a rule these are bitter and are not good nutritive mast for swine. The tree bears acorns at the age of from twelve to fifteen years, but they are not fertile until the tree is thirty or forty years old and bearing cork fit for bottle stoppers. It is found generally that the tree which produces the largest and sweetest acorns will also yield the finest cork. A close growth and lack of light and air cause diminution of the yield of acorns and lessen the quantity as well as impair the quality of the cork.

During its earlier years of growth the cork tree needs some shelter, and the "belt" system of planting seems to have been very generally adopted in France and Spain, because for several years, while the trees are growing slowly, the land can be made to produce as much as though they were not present. The "belt" system consists in planting the trees in rows, with one or more rows of vines between. The acorns and the vines are planted at the same time. latter in rows seven feet apart and the former about forty inches one from another in a furrow between them. Tim trees are thinned out afterward. In this way the yield of the vines is as great as though they were planted alone, while the oaks receive the necessary shade and cultivation. Until the trees are from twenty to twenty-five years o.d this mixed plantation is profitable. After this the trees no longer need the vines, and these, now themselves receiving too much shade, should be d's stroyed. These plantations are cultivated at the beginning and at the end of the rainy season. The hoe is used to stir the earth, hurtful roots and weeds being burned, while those that ret quickly are turned under, that the ammonia may be utilized as manure

The most favorable season for the germination of the plant seems to be that when the acorns fall naturally by Spain this takes place in the latter part of November. The meteorological phenomena of the cork-oak region of Spain are very similar to those of Southern California, so that the season of germinating would probably be the here. The young plant would receive the benefit of the rain, its roots would spread and it would be better fortified against the heat of the ensuing dry serson. About the twelfth year the young oaks should be pruned every fourth year hereafter. After trimming out the trees there should remain eighty to the aere.

But the tree begins to be of value when it has attained a diameter of from two to four inches when it is from twelve to fifteen years old. At the same time the first coat of cork removed, and even the second, is of no very great value for stoppers. The cork should be removed thought they had not seen each other since, at least, the day before yesterday.

"Oh! you dear thing; where have cending; others when it is descending. Along the coast of Spain the latter part of June is preferred for this operation. because then the cork separates readily from the trunk of the tree. The tree is said to have arrived at maturity when the cork has a market value. After the first stripping the cork is removed at intervals of ten or twelve years. Yet, as cork of a thickness sufficient to give stoppers for champagne bottles is the most valuable, many growers extend the period. In this, as in all things experience is the best "When?"
"Why! Who ever dreamed of such a thing: we have heard nothing about him height of twelve inches from the ground The demon stared; then, thinking this and below the branches, and after another equal period that of the branches es. In this way the tree is less exposed to cold while the new cork forms more rapidly. Great care is taken not to wound or remove the inner bark. After the removal of the cork two, some times four, longitudinal incisions, reaching to the inner bark, are made under that portion of the trunk which has been tapped. This prevents the cracking of the outer surface of the new cork. Many persons will be surprised to learn that the cork oak does not shed its cork naturally. If not removed the outer portion of the cork comes off in flakes, ist as the bark of many other trees.

The color of the freshly removed cork is rosy white, but this tint soon disap-The cork is stacked in piles In two months it has lost one-fifth of its weight and is ready for market. Strippers receive from sixty to seventy cents for a day's work. In Spain cork is worth from one dollar and a half to two dollars the quintal. As the demand for corks is increasing annually, so the value of cork plantations increases from year to year. Forty years ago in one of the departments of France the cork plantations yielded annually a net profit of twelve per cent. on their estimated value, and this was four times the profit derived from forests of oak.—G. B. Griffin, in Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

Don't Hurry.

You might as well recall the old adage "Wait till your hurry's over" and try and live up to it. There never was anything done well in a hurry and never will be. So soon as one in any sort of work feels himself pushed for time and pushed on by the thought of half a dozen things behind which must be done within a certain period, so soon does he in his work commence to "scrabble." and "scrabbling" ruins it all. The best thing to do under the circumstances (unless the house is on fire) is to break short off, pull up and wait till the hurry is over. If it really is better to do one thing well than six things ill, then the sooner the habit of hurry is gotter rid of the better. Some people's minds. however, by a long life use get in the habit of hurry from which it is quite impossible to free themselves. They perform the most trivial act in a breath ss condition of haste when there is no necessity for it. They dress in a hurry walk in a hurry, and this mental condition is kept up all day. Usually they die in a hurry. By and by more phy-sicians will tell us that these forced and abnormal conditions of mind beget diseases of the body. When hurry is so carried into every act of life (and the tendency for this in these days of steam and telegraphs grow greater and great-er) there is an incessant and useless frittering away of vitality. The victim at last falls sick; some organ or func-tion weaker than the rest gives way and the doctor gives the complaint a name. But few will trace its real cause, and that may be a continued unnecessary strain of body and mind for years caused

-Mr. Brinkerhoff was rich, and gav his property to his wife. That lady divided it among her relatives and cut Mr. Brinkerhoff off without a shilling. Mr. Brinkerhoff sued to recover and won the suit .- N. Y. Tribune.

the southward and near the sea. Gran-te lands and slaty, sandy and silicious age, has a full beard.

How Liquors are Adulterated.

A fresh barrel of raw whisky is taken hand by the expert, who converts it in a few hours into old rye or bourbon by a judicious admixture of oak shav ings, burned sugar and glycerine. Sometimes he takes away the crude taste by passing an electric current through it. Much of the highest-priced whisky sold in the best places is made in this artistic fashion. Bourbon is enerally seposed to contain more fusil oil than eye, but this is not necessarily the case.

Brandy is made by the distillation of

fermented grapes—sometimes from the juice alone, and sometimes from the skins, seeds and juice together. When made from the juice alone it is nearly colorless, has a very agreeable odor, and a slightly acid, aromatic taste. It contains from thirty-five to fifty cent. of alcohol. There is probably no liquor so much imitated and adulterated The commonest method of imitating it is by adding to plain grain whisky certain proportions of various ethers, which are sold in mixture as "brandy essence," burned sugar, spices, tannic acid and acetic acid. Nine-tenths of the brandy that is drank never saw a grape-skin. Gin is made by distilling alcohol with juniper berries, its distinct-ive taste and odor being due to the presence of a small amount of oil of uniper. The amount of alcohol varies from thirty to forty per cent., the resi-due being water with less than one per cent. of the juniper oil. The gin commonly sold as the real article is, however, made by simply adding a small quantity of this oil, or more frequently oil of turpentine, to common whisky, together with sufficient water to reduce the strength of the spirit to about thirty per cent. of alcohol. None but the most expensive brands of gin are made other way. Different brands contain slight additions which give them their peculiar flavor.

best rum is made by the distillation of fermented molasses. Often pine-apples and other fruits are sliced and hrown into the still to give flavor. The molasses used consists of the washings and refuse from the sugar houses. It contains thirty to thirty-five per cent. of alcohol, and is not much adulterated except with certain flavoring ethers, designed to imitate "real Jamaica" other brands. The main constituent of absinthe is oil of wormwood. It is made by the distillation of alcohol with water, absinthium (wormwood), and various spices, such as fennel, anise and coriander. The resulting liquor is diluted more or less, the various brands differing greatly in the amounts of water and other substance present in each. It is most frequently made by the simple mixture of oil of wormwood with alcohol and water, various essen-

tial oils being added to give pungency.
Distilled absinthe well prepared from
fresh materials should be of a bright green color. Its effects are well known to be of the most dangerous character and result in nervous exhaustion and partial or complete paralysis of the heart .- Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Mrs. Jones Recites History.

"Pa," asked Willie Jones, as he was tudying his history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?" "Ask your ma," said Mr. Jones, who

was not up in classic lore. "Helen of Troy," replied Mrs. Jones. who was sewing a new heel on the baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us; she came from Troy, New York, and we found her in an intelli-

had before your pa struck "Did pa eyer strike Bridget?" asked Willie, pricking up his ears.

gence office. She was the best girl I

"I was speaking paragorically," said There was silence for a few moments, then Willie came to another epoch in

"Ma, who was Mark Antony?" "An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him

"It says his wife's name was Cleo-"The very same! Old Cleo' used to

patra. wash for us. It's strange how they come to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Mr. Jones vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head could carry all she knew. Presently he found another

"Say, ma, who was Julias Cresar?" "Oh, he was one of the pagans of hisory," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle

"But what made him famous?" per-"Everything," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently; "he was the one who

said, 'Eat, thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take its oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow-case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted: Gimme liberty or gimme death,' and can away." "Bully for him!" remarked Willie,

shutting up the book of history. "But say, ma, how came you to know so much? Won't I lay over the other fellows tomorrow, though?"

"I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue. "I had superior advantages and paid attention and remembered what

"Well, I say, ma, who was Horace?" "Your pa will tell you about him, I am tired." said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval, while Mr. Jones informed his on that Horace was the author of the Tin Trumpet and a rare work on farming, and the people's choice for President, and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself. - Detroit Post and Tribune.

The Wrong Dog.

"If you please, sir," said a boy leading a dog, to a gentleman he approached, "have you seen anything of "A lost liver? What do you mean?"

inquired the gentleman in astonish "Why, sir, a man advertises in the paper that he will pay fifteen dollars for the return of a lost liver and white

pointer dog. Here's the white dog, but I can't find the liver." As this paper goes to press the gentle-man is trying to explain to the liver boy that the pointer-and-phite-dog. Oh! pshaw. That the pointer boy and the lost liver and white dog were errors of punctuation; but who ever sausage a mixture of meat and rhetoric before?—

-When it goes out of use next fall the green three-cent stamp will have been in use thirteen years. ber is still fata! .- N. Y. Graphic.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

-Now is the time of the year to hun up old fishing tackle and study up a

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-There are three hundred women nployed as journalists in the United

—Mrs. President Tyler dresses her hair precisely as she did when a young bride in the White House.

-After a lapse of thirty years, Sir Walter Scott's works are being retranslated and republished in France.

-Mayor Hutchinson, of Utica, looks so much like Napoleon III., that when Eugenie saw him in England, a while ago, she fainted away. - Utica (N. Y.)

-Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, recently completed his seventy-fourth year. Physically and mentally yet seems as vigorous as he was thirty years ago .- Eoston Transcript.

-The youngest of Delaware's Judges, Associate Judge Wales, is sixty years old. Chancellor Saulsbury is sixty-six. Chief Justice Comegy is past seventy. Judge Houston is close on to seventy Judge Wootten is nearly eighty.

-Samuel Crump, of Pittsford, near Rochester, N. Y., has recently sold to Nathan Greeley, of Kansas City, a file of the New York Tribune covering the entire period of Horace Greeley's editorship, a period of twenty-eight years. The editions were weekly and semiweekly, and were sold for fifty dollars.

-Mrs. Susan Boylston Treadway, the grand-daughter of President John Adams and the niece of John Quincy Adams, is living in Baltimore at the age of eighty-six. Mrs. Treadway has een twice an inmate of the White House, the first time at the early age of four years, and her recollections of events and distinguished people extend over a period of eighty years.—Chicago Tribune.

-"A Scamper Through America" is the title of a new book written by an English giant in intellect and just published in London, which describes, among other interesting things, a visit to the Hoffman House hotel at York, where they have the finest drinking bar in the world, "presided over by the notorious Fiske, who got off so easily after a short incarceration for shooting Mr. Seward on the staircase of the Fifth Ave.aue Hotel. - N. Y. Times.

-Governor Crittenden, of Missouri. is said to be "very vain for so able a man." When the Legislature approman." priated \$100,000 for the State Universiy, he sent from Jefferson City to St. Louis and bought a ten-dollar gold pen with which to sign the bill. Then he sent the pen as a present to James Rol-lins, accompanied by a letter saying that the only time the pen had been dipped in ink was to sign the bill ap-propriating \$100,000 for the University. Chicago Times.

Marie Roze is the only singer of distinction who isn't afraid of eatching cold. Nilsson treats her throat as she would a sick baby; Kellogg was afraid to venture out of doors twenty-four hours before she sang; Hauk goes to bed and remains there in complete silence six hours before she appears in concert; Abbott has the doors and windows of her room hung with bed bian-kets lest a draft strike her precious person: Gerster wears a heavy shawl while walking the halls of her hotel; but Marie Roze is as careless of exposure as a child. - Cucago Herald.

HUMOROUS.

A man of pluck-A pickpocket .-Burlington Free Press. - Marriage is a lottery, but we have not heard that love letters are denied

the privilege of the mails. — An Old Song Revised:— What is a ship without a sail? Adieu, my lover, adieu! What is a monkey without a tail? A dude, my lover, a dude.

"Unspotted from the world" is the title of a new book. It is evidently the history of the career of a defaulting eashier who has never been caught. N. Y. Journa'.

-The first passenger train passed over the Pemigewasset Railroad a short time since. If that word should ever get upon the track there will be a fearful smash-up. - Somerville Journal.

-A young man, while out hunting for his father's pig. accosted an Irish-man as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" Pat responded:
"Faix, how could I tell a stray pig Pat responded

from any other?" -They are not very fashionable ou on the Western frontier, but they know how to lead the german. The other day some vigilants put a rope around German horse thief's neek and led him

to a tree. - Harlem Times. - Teacher-" Well, how stupid you are, to be sure! Can't multiply eightyeight by twenty-five! I'll wager that harles can do it in less than no time." Absurd pupil—"I shouldn't be sur-prised. They say fools multiply very prised.

rapidly these days. The editor of the Breckenridge (Ky.) News says he put the poem of "The Beautiful Snow" in type in the fall of 1852, when Faxon, of the Buffalo 'ommercia', first wrote it. Thus the logs of The-Beautiful-Snow war are let loose again. - Detroit Post.

- Heard in the great West: "Is that the Big Bonanza mine over there?" "Yes." And did that big pile of ore come from it?" "Yes." "All right, I come from it?" "1es.
will stake out a claim right here, go
will stake out a claim right here, go back East and form a company. there is no ore in this part of the distriet, you know?" "Never mind about I can say there is plenty of ore in sight."-Phi'a le'phia News

-A man who bought a badly-fitting suit that was much too large for him, was constantly taken to task by his good wife for his folly. One evening as their little daughter was retiring, they were much surprised to overhead the following conclusion of her evening prayer: "Please, God, make pa over again, so as his clothes 'll fit him, and then ma won't nag at him no more!"-

-"I wish you would have the pegs properly taken from these shoes," said a Chicago girl to a shoe dealer, from whom she had purchased a pair the day before, "they hurt me so I can not wear them." "Certainly, Miss," was the them." "Certainly, Miss," was the obliging answer, "but I am afraid you will have to wait a day or two." o?" "Well, we already have a job of the same kind at the foundry, and the steam peg scraper is not in very good working order."—St. Louis Republican.

-"And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked an Arkansas Judge of a meek prisoner. "Yes, sir, I am innocent—as innocent as a child."
"You are confident that you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?"

PACTS AND PIGURES.

-Hungary has 2,976 producers of silk, who turned out 85,000 pounds of silk in 1881.

-One school district in Maine, con The school district in maine, our taining eighteen farms, received over \$10,000 for apples sold in a single year.

—Balance sheet of the steamship Great Eastern for 1882: Income, \$785; expenditure, \$22,040; result, misery.— Detroit Post.

-The New Orleans Picayune estinates a profit of about \$400,000,000 for he Americans who build the railroads the Am of Mexico.

-California produces half the quick-silver in the world; 100,222,267 pounds in the last thirty years, of which two-thirds went abroad.—San Francisco Call.

-The Lancaster Gingham Mills at Clinton, Mass., are the largest mills of the kind in this country. They employ 2,000 hands and produce 20,000,000 yards of cloth each year. Their pro-ducts are sold mainly in Pennsylvania and the Southwest. - Boston Post.

-West Point, Miss., with two thousand inhabitants, has recently raised \$50,000 for a National bank, \$50,000 for a cotton-seed oil-mill, increased its ad valorem tax list \$100,000 in one year. established a cotton exchange, voted \$6,000 to a railroad, and is talking of a \$60,000 cotton factory. —According to the emigration sta-tistics of Ireland for 1882, just pub-lished, 89,136 natives of Ireland emi-

grated during the year, an increase of 10,847 over 1881. The heaviest emigration was from Munster and Ulster. From May 1, 1851, the total number of natives of Ireland who left the seaports was 2,804,740. -From statistics presented at the office of the Troy Steamboat line it appears that there has been no colder season along the Hudson than the past one

since 1843. This season the river has been closed 120 days. During the winter of 1835-36 it was closed 125 days, and in 1842-43 for 136 days. The winter of 1873-74 was an exceptionally mild one, thirty-one days being the period during which the Hudson was closed.— Troy (N. Y.) Times. -From the Agricultural Department at Washington we find that the average

price of corn in the entire United States for eleven years, from 1871 to 1881 in-clusive, appears to be about 43 cents per bushel. The highest annual average was 64 cents in 1874, while the lowest was 31 cents in 1878. The aggregate value has increased in ten years from \$435,000,000 to \$759,000,000, though the last crop was the smallest for the last seven years.

-The compendium of the tenth census, recently issued, contains some fig-ures which will serve to give an idea of the magnitude of the quarrying interests of the country, which in 1880 gave employment to 39,723 men, 8,059 horses, and 851 mules; had 339 machines for quarrying, 2,290 machines for hoisting, 1,308 machines for dressing, and used \$192,175 worth of explosives. The capital invested is given at \$25,414,497, and the value of the product in the census year at \$18,-356,055, there being 1,525 quarries in all. Marble and limestone lead the list with 65,523,965 cubic feet, followed by the sandstone quarries with 24,776,-930 cubic feet; ersytalline silicious

WIT AND WISDOM.

rocks, with 5,118,998 cubic feet; and

slate with 457,267 squares, or 4,572,670

- There is nothing slow about a

cubic feet.

burglar. He works pry. -It needs a bold, resolute man at any time to grapple with the subject of woman .- Ciurchman.

_The idea that color tinguished in the dark is false. may not be able to see, but you can feel -Physicians affirm that diseases are

often contracted by a person becoming overheated. Which is all the doctors know about it. Heat does not contract; it expands.—Boston Transcript. -Here is a thing wherein I would

villingly have you agree; that is, to dispute, and not to quarrel; for friends dispute between themselves for their better instruction, and enemies quarrel to destroy one another. - Plato.

-A gentleman had his boots blacked by one of two boys, and gave the shiner a two dollar bill to get changed. After, waiting some time he said to the other boy: "Where's your partner?". "Oh," said the youth, with a grin, "he's bust up, and I'm his assignee."—Church Union.

-A boy of eight years was asked by his teacher where the zenith was. He replied: "The spot in the heavens diectly over one's head." knowledge further, the teacher asked: "Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?" "They can." "If one stands on the oth-How?" er's head."

- "Goin' fur?" the inquisitive traveler sked the man on the wood-box. "Well, yes," he replied, "I reckon it's fur. I'm going to Buffalo." And being thus pelted with this answer, the inquisitive man looked as though he wanted to hide somewhere. But this is furrin' to the subject .- Burlington

-The bane of our life is discontent. We say we will work so long and then we will enjoy ourselves. But we find just as Thackeray has expressed it: "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some taffy. It was a shilling, I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy.' -Robert Collyer.

-"Pa's a long way ahead of "Wig-gins," said Melanethan to one of Mr. Marrowfat's guests, as they were ex-amining the pictures in the parlor after "Your father is a very clever man," politely observed the gentleman to whom the remark was address "Yes," continued the garrulous boy, "he can tell when there's a storm coming every time, just by looking in ma's face."—Brooklyn Eagle.

-A fat little man, who looked as if he might be a German, rushed into the Metropolitan last night, and pointing to the time-piece in the office, said: "Ish dot clock ridght up dare?" "Yes," said Mr. Adams, "it is right up there, and has been right up there for years."
"Vell," continued the excited man,
"I vants to go to Baldimore." "All right," said the clerk, "but don't be gone long."—Hotel Mail.

- See here, you slab-sided, hided parasite!" vociferated an angry citizen, rushing into a newspaper and addressing the editor, 'you know I don't like your sheet and am fighting it. I don't want you to print my name "Yes, sir, and I can prove it. I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, Judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Garston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Garston'a."
"The proof is conclusive," said the Judge; "discharge the prisoner,"

"Check."

"I don't want you to print my name in it again nor give me a personal notice. Dy'e hear?" "Yes, I'm listennotic. Dy'e hear?" "Yes